

Tender Shepherd  
Lead me,  
Feed me,  
Or I faint by the way,  
For I faint for heavenly manna,  
And I need it,  
Day by day.

Tender Shepherd,  
Watch me,  
Guide me,  
Rough and dark I find the way,  
And I need Thee close beside me;  
For I wander,  
Day by day.

Tender Shepherd,  
Take me,  
Keep me,  
When I lay me down to die;  
For I'm lost, unless the Shepherd  
Takes me to the  
Fold on high.

## CHASED BY WOLVES.

It is scarcely one year since the events which we relate occurred upon the northern steppes of Russia. An Englishman, named Hurbert, had accepted an invitation from a young nobleman to visit him at his frigid northern home, where he had promised him, among other inducements some excellent winter hunting, the game being bears and wolves. The Russian was of noble family, and enjoyed an immense estate covering thousands of acres among the wilds of the steppes. Within the spacious mansion all was luxury and comfort, but outside the long weary winters of the north were gloomy enough.

It was midwinter when the young Englishman joined his Russian friend at his home. The rigor of the season was extreme and for the first time in his life he realized what the word winter really signified. However, when there is an abundance of pecuniary means, comfort can be realized nearly anywhere, and young Hurbert was never more agreeably entertained than here in this frigid spot. Every modern luxury and means of amusement were at hand, and his friend, the Count Skarinski, was the best of companions, and a good billiard player, a capital shot with the pistol or rifle, and in short a highly accomplished man in all games and sports of the day.

On a clear, cold January day the two gentlemen made their preparations for a hunting excursion, and young Hurbert was somewhat surprised to observe the very elaborate arrangement which was entered into as it regarded the supply of arms and ammunition. Considering that there were but three persons, himself and friend, and the driver of the sleigh, he thought that the number of double-barreled guns and revolvers, with the stuff to put into them was singular.

There were six double-barreled guns and as many revolvers, all loaded and placed handily in the bottom of the vehicle, besides each of the gentlemen carried a revolver in a leather case at his waist, and a long hunting knife. The driver also had a pair of revolvers in his leather belt, as well as a hunting knife.

"We are a moving arsenal," remarked the Englishman, pleasantly, as he regarded these preparations.

"Yes; in hunting in Russia we sometimes come to such close quarters that there is little time for loading."

"Ah, I did not think of that."

"It is the quick and sure hand only that is safe where wild animals sometimes come in large numbers."

"What will probably be our game to-day?"

"We will try for bears."

"Are they plenty?"

"It is not so easy to find them now as it will be in the spring. They keep stowed away mostly all winter."

Two large, handsome horses were harnessed to the sleigh, both so full of life and spirits as to require the entire attention of their experienced driver, who remarked that they would get some of this fire worked out of them before the close of the day. At the suggestion of the count, a third horse, or lead, making what is familiarly termed a spike team, was added to the sleigh, as he remarked, they might have a long pull of it. Thus equipped, with some luncheon in a basket, and well covered with furs to exclude the biting cold, the count and his English friend started off on the hunt.

They sought a somewhat famous locality in a well wooded neighborhood as their first point to search, but finding no signs of game here, they started for one still further away, but with like want of success. Indeed, it became pretty clear that bears were not abroad, and that there was not much chance of their getting sight of any. In the meantime they had come a long distance, the day was already drawing to a close, and the count gave the word to turn the horses' heads toward home. The party paused, however, to give the horses each four quarts of cracked corn, and also to partake of their own lunch. Half an hour sufficed for this, and men and beasts refreshed, then commenced the homeward trip.

The sun had set, but the big face of the pale moon was creeping up in the sky, and reflected from the shining surface of the snow, all was as light as day. "We shall probably knock over a wolf or two as the evening comes on," said the count, "but I am sorry not to show you some larger game."

Scarcely had the words left his mouth when a noise behind them attracted the attention of both, and turning, they beheld a small pack of wolves, rendered desperate by hunger, pursuing the sleigh. They came nearer and nearer. As they were in so large a number—twenty or more—the count told the driver to keep up his speed, and he would pick off one or two of them at a time. They were soon within range, and, lifting one of the guns, he fired each of the barrels, and two wolves dropped in their tracks.

Then followed the singular scene which is instinctive with these animals.

# The Deaf-Blind's Journal.

"There are more men ennobled by reading than by nature."—CICERO.

VOLUME IV.

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As soon as one is wounded and rendered helpless, his companions fall upon him and devour his body at once. These creatures, crazed with hunger, tore the carcasses to pieces in an incredibly short time, fighting over the body to secure a mouthful, and were soon rushing, excited by the taste of blood. The young Englishman soon tried his hand and dropped three of the wolves with two shots, one having evidently gone entirely through the body of an animal and entered that of another before its impetus was lost.

The same scene was repeated which we have just described, but the pack had increased by the addition of another score of animals, which had been attracted by the smell or noise of those already in the field.

It began to look serious, and the count remarked that he had no idea the wolves were in such large numbers this season.

They fired again, each time killing a wolf; but that retarded the pursuers but for a few moments—so many starving mouths devoured the wounded creatures instantaneously.

In the meantime the horses were kept at a steady and lively gait. It would not answer to use them up by a desperate dash of speed; for if they were to give out, the travelers would be torn to pieces in five minutes, as well as the horses themselves.

"Keep a steady hand, Ivan," said the count to the driver. "Don't fret the team, but keep them well up to work. We have a long route before us."

"Yes, count."

"Now, Mr. Hurbert, we shall give you a chance to show your good marksmanship. Here comes another pack on our flank."

"Twice as large in numbers," said the Englishman.

"True. You blaze away at them when they get near enough—I see you are an excellent shot—and I will keep these fellows behind busy with each other's carcasses."

Care was taken to load the guns as fast as fired, for fear that the time might be near at hand when they could not spare the time for that purpose. The wolves had not yet got near enough to use the revolvers upon them. More than a dozen wolves had been shot and devoured up to this time, serving to keep the pack back by the consequent delays each time that two of them fell by the unerring aim of the count and his companion.

The large pack that came down in a quartering direction was now quite near, and the Englishman aimed and fired. It was impossible to miss them, they were so close together, and two instantly dropped, rolling over and staining the snow with their blood. The pack halted and tore them to pieces, while the sleigh, keeping on its steady course, threw them far behind, and they joined those immediately in the rear. This crowd of ravenous and ferocious creatures now numbered sixty or more, two or three fresh wolves joining them every few moments from different directions.

The count kept busy with his guns, but said not a word. The expression upon his features, however, was one of considerable anxiety, and he was careful to reload at every fire.

The wolves now spread themselves out, all the while on the run, in the shape of a half-moon or crescent, so that both ends of the pack, now numbering a hundred at least, nearly came on a range with the sides of the sleigh, though some rods distant. The count and his companion kept busy, and at each fire of their double barreled guns, a couple of wolves were sure to drop, when all the pursuers would stop for a few minutes to devour their comrades, and again commence the chase.

It was impossible in the partial darkness to say where the additions to the pack came from, but that the pack was rapidly increasing was very manifest, and in order to keep them from coming near enough to leap upon the sleigh and its occupants, the two gentlemen were compelled to fire rapidly, and to distribute their shots all along the curving line of the pursuers.

"This is terrible," said the count at last. "Is there need to their numbers?" as he reloaded his gun after killing a couple of the nearest.

"I suppose they would devour us instantly," said the Englishman, "if they reached us."

"Undoubtedly!" replied the count. "Ivan!"

"Yes, count."

"Hold your revolver ready. They are coming close now, and we must blaze away all at once, dropping as many as possible, and thus giving them a good check, at least for a few moments."

The horses seemed to realize the exigency of the case, and though putting severely at the long-continued exertions, still kept pressing forward at a swift pace. Though more than forty of the wolves had been shot, and devoured by their comrades, it seemed that the taste of blood had only fired the appetites of the rest of the pack, the numbers of which had increased constantly until more than a hundred and fifty were now howling after the sleigh.

As the count had said, they were drawing very near now, and the guns were rapidly emptied their ranks. Each drew his revolver for close action, the gentlemen taking a revolver in each hand, and Ivan, the driver, taking the reins in his left, cocked his revolver with his right hand, just in time. Fifty open mouths were beside the sleigh on either side, and a hundred behind.

"Now, altogether," said the count, "let 'em have it, right and left."

Ivan, who was perfectly cool, fired his six charges with deliberate though rapid aim, dropping a half dozen of the wolves, while the count with both hands fired down their throats on his side, and the Englishman, though with less coolness, yet with equal effect, shot down the ravenous beasts on his side. More than a dozen of them rolled over in the snow, while the rapid discharges of the revolvers nearly together, started the horses to fresh exertion and they separated from the wolves, who paused to devour these bodies bleeding upon the snow.

This delay among the pursuing beasts, who fought wildly over the bodies which they so quickly tore to pieces, gave the party in the sleigh a breathing moment, though a brief one. The time was improved to reload all the revolvers and the guns, while the horses were eased a little in their rapid gait in order to save their strength for the crisis which was doubtless to follow. It was still four miles at least to the shelter of his own grounds, as the count was compelled to admit. Whether they could keep the ferocious creatures at bay long enough to traverse that distance was a problem.

The pack now turned again to pursue the sleigh. "Thank heavens for this respite, short as it is," said the Count Skarinski, drawing a long breath, and disposing of the guns for ready use, now all reloaded. The young Englishman said little. He had felt the hot breaths of those wild creatures in his very face, and the frightful situation was something appalling. However, he braced himself to do his best in fighting the terrible enemy, who were again drawing closer to the sleigh.

Once more the count and his companion began to drop the wolves two at a time. So dense were their numbers that every shot told, but notwithstanding these brief checks they were gaining on the sleigh, their numbers in no perceptible degree lessened, though so many had been killed. Indeed, more now joined them, coming from a piece of wood which they were just passing. The horses labored painfully. They had been terribly tried by the long and continuous drag upon their strength.

"Our revolvers once more," said the count, as he emptied the last loaded gun into the savage enemy. "It is to be close action again. Get ready your revolver, Ivan."

"It is all right, count," was the reply. "Lay you knife loose," said the count to his companion, "it may come to that."

On came that legion of howling devils, their eyes glaring in the dim light, and once more they were upon the sleigh.

"Blaze away together," said the count. And as before, wolf after wolf rolled over bleeding upon the white snow crust, but blood seemed only to madden the army of ravenous beasts crowding forward, and now the count having emptied his two revolvers, took his long knife and slashed left and right, giving death wounds at every stroke, to the wolves that crowded one upon another, until he had almost lost his breath. But such a hecatomb of slaughtered creatures lay all around that the whole pack were checked, while the sleigh, dragged slowly on by the drooping horses, crept away from them. The count had only been saved from the teeth of those on his side by the thickness of his fur clothing, while the Englishman had only used the revolvers, two extra ones of which he managed to get from the rack in the bottom of the sleigh.

He came to his coolness and courage at last, and fired with precision each time down the nearest gaping throat, and every time dropping the enemy.

They had only time to load the guns before the howling pack started for them again, the count with the coolness of a veteran, shooting them down one after another. They were still two miles from home.

"Ivan!"

"Yes, count."

"The horses are doing all they can!"

"Yes, count."

"Give me the reins. Jump out and cut loose the leader! Put a bullet through his brains and get back quick, man—quick, I say!"

The intelligent driver did as he was bid. The horse died instantly. The driver was back in his seat and the sleigh was moving homeward again. The count now turned once more and emptied his gun among the crowd that stopped about the horse, while the Englishman reloaded.

"Good!" said the count; "another mile and we are safe."

But the horses could hardly move faster than a smart walk, now and then trotting a few rods. They were completely used up. The arms were once more loaded, and one by one then by twos, at last all together, the wolves left the car-

case of the horse. Ah! those precious moments in which they had been thus engaged had been the salvation of the party in the sleigh. The house was in sight. The horses made an extra effort at the cheering view before them. The count stood up and delivered a dozen shots one after another among the wolves, causing still further check to their progress, and the servants in the house, aroused by the noise threw wide the gates, through which the horses crept, and fell at once in the snow.

The gates were closed, and the well-armed household poured volley after volley among the ravenous creatures until there were none left to devour the wounded. The horses were carefully rubbed and tended, and by-and-by judiciously fed, so that they were soon in a way to recover their expended energies. But how about the two men?

Immediately on entering the ground, behind the high walls of which they were safe, the count sent for brandy and hot water. The Englishman had fainted at last from excitement and exertion. He poured out a half tumbler with some honey, and made Ivan drink it as hot as possible, but to his companion he gave it clear, and in small spoonfuls at a time, until he brought him quite to himself again.

His own nerves and system seemed made of iron, and he was quite as well as ever in a few moments after entering the house.

"It was that poor horse that saved us after all," said the count, as they sat smoking at last before the broad, well-filled fire place.

"And it was providential that you happened to put him into the team after it came up to the door," said his friend.

Then it was explained to the visitor that this was a remarkable instance. The heavy snows had cut off all sources of food from the wolves, and had thus rendered them ravenous. At most seasons of the year, they were very shy, and were hunted with perfect safety, it being only necessary to avoid them after night-fall, when they were apt to herd in packs, in order to fight such animals as were superior to themselves, unless attacked by numbers at the same time.

Young Hurbert never forgot that fight with wolves upon the steppes of Russia.

## "Life does not pay."

"Life does not pay," said a man whom the world esteemed rich, but upon whose constitution dyspepsia had made some inroads, thus perhaps accounting for the remark. The Blind Preacher, Milburn, declared "that though he had never seen the human face divine," yet he should say, judging from the ceaseless murmur of discontent that came up from the world, it wore an expression of sadness. Carlyle says that "beneath every house-top is a tragedy being enacted in real life." If we open the books of the poets, we shall read that

"The spider's most attenuated thread  
Is cord, is cable to man's tender tie  
On earthly bliss; it breaks at every breeze."

Byron, in the bloom of life and vigor of early hope, could write:

"The daisies are in the yellow leaf;  
The flowers and fruits of love are gone;  
The worm, the canker, and the grief  
Are mine alone."

Then Shelley bursts out, "Our very dreams are but varied agonies that prey like scorpions upon the springs of life." Shakespeare said:

"There is nothing in this world can make me joy!  
Life is as tedious as a twice-told tale,  
Vexing the dull ear of a drowsy man."

Solomon sought for that good which has ever been the hidden thing of life—happiness. He planted his vineyards, and made orchards and gardens; he planted trees of all kinds of fruits; he filled his palace with servants and maidens, and gathered men-singers and women-singers, and the delights of the sons of men, as musical instruments, and that of all sorts; he withheld not from his heart any joy, or whatsoever his eyes desired—and thus he sums up the mournful result:

"Therefore, I hate life; because the work that is wrought under the sun is grievous unto me, for all is vanity and vexation of spirit."

"Life does not pay," is the echo of voices far down the generations that have past.

And life does not pay, considered simply as a game of pleasure—pleasure balanced against the toils, the sorrows, and the privations of life.

But life does pay, considered as a battle for the right against the wrong. The consciousness of being an instrument of good, may bring a joy so exquisite, so intense, so lasting, as to balance a long life of sorrow, privation, and toil. But he who lives simply for the pleasure of his own soul—simply for the pleasure of that breathing the air in the purifying department of the gas works would cure whooping cough, took his ailing little sister there, and held her over a heap of hot coal. She was about gasping her last under this treatment when rescued by workmen.

if it has all been to satisfy the inner cravings of the heart for selfish pleasure, the internal reward of happiness will never be reached.

In this way, life pays!

## Brasser's Son Claudius.

Mr. Brasser, who lives on Ninth avenue, has a son about twelve years' old named Claudius, and the other evening this boy received permission to allow a neighbor's boy to stay all night with him. The old people sleep down stairs in the sitting room, and the boys were put into a room directly above. When they went up to bed Claudius had the clothes line under his coat, and the neighbor's boy had a mask in his pocket. They didn't kneel down and say their prayers like good boys and then jump in to bed and tell bear stories, but as soon as the door was locked the Brasser boy remarked:

"You'll see more fun around here to-night than would lie on a ten-acre lot!"

From a closet they brought out a cast-off suit of Brasser's clothes, stuffed them with whatever came handy, tied the mask and an old straw hat on for a head, and while one boy was carefully raising the window, the other was tying the clothes line around the "man." The image was lowered down in front of the sitting-room window, lifted up and down once or twice, and old Brasser was heard to leap out of bed with a great jar. He was just beginning to doze when he heard sounds under his window, and his wife suggested that it was a cow in the yard. He got up, pulled the curtain away, and as he beheld a man standing there he shouted out:

"Great bottles! but it's a robber!" and he jumped into bed.

"Theodoris Brasser, are you a fool!" screamed the wife as he monopolized the bed clothes to cover up his head.

"Be quiet, you old jade, you!" he whispered, "perhaps he'll go away!"

"Don't you call me a jade!" she replied, reaching over and trying to find his hair. "Get up and get the gun and blow his head off!"

"Oh! you do it!"

"Get up, you old coward," she snapped. "I'll never live with you another day if you don't do it!"

Brasser turned up the lamp, sat up in bed, and cried out:

"Is that you, boys?"

"Mercy on me! git up!" yelled the wife as the straw man was knocked against the window.

"I'll blow his head off as clean as milk!" said Brasser in a loud voice as he got up. He struck the stove three or four times, upset a chair, and reached behind the foot of the bed and drew out an old army musket.

"Now, then, for blood!" he continued, as he advanced to the window and lifted the curtain.

The man was there, face close to the glass, and he had such a malignant expression of countenance that Brasser jumped back with a cry of alarm.

"Kill him! Shoot him down, you old noodlehead!" screamed the wife.

"I will! I will!" replied Brasser, and he blazed away, and tore out nearly all the lower sash.

The boys up stairs uttered a yell and a groan, and Brasser jumped for the window to see if the man was down. He wasn't. He stood right there, and he made a leap at Brasser.

"He's coming in!—perlice!—boys!—ho! perlice!" roared the old man.

The tattered curtain permitted Mrs. Brasser to catch sight of a man jumping up and down, and she yelled:

"Theodoris, I'm going to faint!"

"Faint and be darned! Boys!—perlice!" he replied, walloping the sheet-iron stove with the poker.

"Don't you dare talk that way to me!" shrieked the old woman, recovering from her desire to faint.

"Po-leece! Po-leece!" now came from the boys up stairs, and while one continued to shout the other drew the man up, tore him limb from limb and secreted the pieces.

Several neighbors were aroused, an officer came up from the station and a search of the premises was made. Not so much as a track in the snow was found and the officer put on an injured look and said to Mr. Brasser:

"A guilty conscience needs no accuser." "That's so," chorused the indignant neighbors as they departed.

As Mr. Brasser hung a quilt before the shattered window, he remarked to his wife:

"Now see what an old cundurango you made of yourself!"

"Don't fling any insults at me, or I'll choke the attenuated life out of you!" she replied.

And the boys kicked around on the bed, chucked each other in the ribs and cried:

"I'd rather be a boy than be President!"  
—Detroit Free Press.

## Morrie England.

A copy of the London Times of Oct. 3, 1798, contains the following programme of sports to be participated in on the anniversary of the birth of her Royal Highness the Duchess of Wurttemberg:

"All persons of jovial, friendly and loyal dispositions are invited to be present at and partake of the unmentioned country sports, which, with others to be declared on the ground, are intended, if the weather is fine, to be exhibited at Marden Castle, near Dorchester, this day at 11 o'clock, in the honor of the birthday of her Royal Highness the Duchess of Wurttemberg."

"To be played for at cricket, a round of beef, each man of the winning set to have a ribbon."

"A cheese to be rolled down the hill—prize to whoever stops it."

"A silver cup to be run for by ponies—the best three heats."

"A pound of tobacco to be grinded for."

"A barrel of beer to be rolled down hill—prize to whoever stops it."

"A Michaelmas Day goose to be dived for."

"A good hat to be eudged for."

"Half a guinea for the best ass in three heats."

"A handsome hat for the boy most expert in catching a roll dipped in treacle, and suspended by a string."

"A leg of mutton and a gallon of porter to the winner of a race of 100 yards in sacks."

"A good hat to be wrestled for."

"Half a guinea to the rider of the ass who wins the best the best three heats by coming in last."

"A pig prize to whoever catches him by the tail."

## Queer Relationships among the Morries.

Brigham Young married two sisters, two daughters of Brigham by other women. All have children. Now, the offspring of Clara Decker Young and Lucy Decker Young are cousins of Charlie Decker's children. But the latter are grandchildren of the former's father, and consequently nephews and nieces of their own cousins. But the nephews of a cousin—blood relationship holding—are second cousins; hence Decker's children must hold that relationship toward each other. Decker's wives are half sisters to the children of their own sisters-in-law, they are sisters-in-law to their own father, and aunts to their own half sisters! Now, if the relationship were half-blood throughout, the Canons of Decent would exclude them; but as it doubles on both sides, they would probably be included. Hence the two Mrs. Deckers are (in law) their own aunts, while Clara D. and Lucy D. Young are legal grandmothers to their nieces, and the two sets of children are respectively cousins, aunts, and nieces, and the Lord knows what besides.

Elder Allsop, of Sandy Station, married a widow and her oldest daughter, having at the same time a young daughter by a former wife, now happily deceased. All this family live in one house. The daughter of his oldest wife is half-sister to his second wife, and to the second wife's children; also aunt to the second wife's children, and consequently her own aunt-in-law! The daughter of the deceased wife is half-sister to all the other children, legal granddaughter to one step-mother, legal half-sister to the other, and consequently aunt-in-law to herself. If they keep on as they have begun, they will eventually produce a boy who will be his own grandfather.

A ludicrous incident lately occurred on the Mississippi steamer, which may be accepted as a warning to those who attempt to change the personal adornments which Nature has given them. A man who was journeying to Texas with his wife, thought he would enjoy the luxury of shaving and shampooing. While this was going on, he concluded to surprise his wife, and, at his request, hair, eyebrows, and whiskers, were changed from a fiery red to raven blackness. He hastened to his state room, but was met at the door by his spouse, outraged by the intrusion of a stranger, as she supposed, and admittance was refused. He called himself her husband; she said he was an impostor. He attempted to explain; it was useless. A crowd gathered round, and the laugh became general. At last, in his perplexity, the Hoosier exclaimed, "Sallie, look at my feet!" One glance at the pedal appendages assured her.

"Yes, John," she said, "I know them feet. They can come in; but keep that head out of sight."

A gentleman fond of using high-flown language sometimes makes very laughable mistakes. He had the honor of presiding at a Sunday-school celebration, and after one of the speeches he addressed the audience, telling them that they would now have "some vocal music by the brass band."

It is no uncommon thing for hot words to produce a coolness.

One day, about one hundred and thirty years ago, a young Scottish maiden was busy about her household affairs, when an aged stranger came to the door and asked permission to enter and rest, requesting at the same time something to eat. The young girl brought him a bowl of bread and milk, and tried in various ways to make him comfortable. A piece of bread happening to fall on the floor, she pushed it out of the way into a heap of ashes. "Never waste bread!" cried the stranger, with much emotion, picking up the bread and putting it into his milk. "I have known the time when I would have given gold for a handful of corn kneaded in a soldier's bunnet." A quick suspicion crossed the girl's mind and sent her to the room of her invalid mother, who hastened to the kitchen on hearing the description of the old man with delicate hands and clean, coarse linen. In a moment she knew him to be the good Scottish Lord on whose estate they were tenants. He had just returned from the battle of Cul-loden, where the young Prince, Charles Edward, had been defeated by the royal troops. He and many others were obliged to hide for their lives. After being driven from one hiding-place to another, he at last found a safe hiding-place on a part of his estate where were large cairns, called the "Cairns of Pitsgo." The lady who tells the story says that "every one in the neighborhood knew of his residence;" the very children would go and peep at him as he sat reading, but would never breathe his name. "Nor," she adds, "shall I ever forget the lesson the poor fugitive taught me—never to waste bread."

## The Happy Man.

I noticed a mechanic among a number of others at work in a house erected but a little way from my office, who always appeared to be in a merry humor, who always had a kind word and a cheerful smile for every one he met. Let the day be ever so cold, gloomy, or sunless, a happy smile danced as a sunbeam upon his countenance. Meeting him one morning, I asked him to tell me the secret of his constant happy flow of spirits. "No secret, Doctor," he replied. "I have one of the best wives, and when I go to work she has a word of encouragement for me; when I go home she always meets me with a tender kiss; and she is sure to be ready with my meals; and she has done so many things through the day to please me, that I cannot find it in my heart to speak unkindly to any one." What influence, then, hath woman over the heart of man, to soften it, and to make it the fountain of cheerful and pure emotions! Speak gently, then; a happy smile and a kind word of greeting after the toils of the day are over, cost nothing, and go far toward making a home happy and cheerful.—Dr. Franklin.

## Luther's Wife.

Luther married Catherine de Bora, an escaped nun—a remarkably handsome woman. In his letters to his friends, he spoke of her as "My rib Kitty, my loved Kitty, my empress Kitty." A year after his marriage, when struggling with poverty, he said, in



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SUGGESTIONS TO BE REMEMBERED.

We will endeavor to explain as clearly as we can how to obtain Bank Check, or Post-office Money Order, or Registered Letter, for the benefit of those who do not understand how to apply for it, whereby to send money to us by mail without risk of loss.

Always give the name of the Post office from which you take your paper, when you send money to pay for the JOURNAL or for any other purpose.

In sending money, remember that letters are frequently stolen from the mails by dishonest mail agents and Post-office clerks. For this reason the Government has provided a way by which money can be safely sent by mail. This is by Post-office Money Orders.

These money orders can be obtained of all city Post-masters, and at the offices of most of the large towns. If, therefore, you wish to insure the receipt by us of the money you may send for the JOURNAL, take the amount to your Post-master, and for the small sum of five cents—if his is a money order office—he will give you an order for it on the Mexico Post-office. This order you will enclose in your letter to us, and if the letter happens to be stolen, or lost, the Government will be responsible for it, and will pay the amount of the order upon application by us.

Checks or Drafts on New York, Philadelphia, or Boston, can be obtained of any bank, or some store keeper or trader, if there is no bank in your town, and if made payable to the order of H. C. Rider, are as good and can be sent as safely through the mails as money orders; then, if there is no money order Post-office in your town, or in any town in its vicinity, and a check or draft can be conveniently obtained, it may save loss, annoyance, and trouble, to send your money in this way.

Registered Letters. When neither a Post-office money order or bank check can be obtained, and you are still unwilling to risk your money in the mail, take your letter, unsealed, to the Post-office, and tell the Post-master you wish it registered. Buy of him the stamps for the registry fee, and put them and your postage stamp upon the letter yourself. Then put the money in the letter in the presence of the Post-master and take his receipt for it. Every Post-master is obliged to register a letter if requested to do so, and to give his receipt for it.

Registered letters are likely to pass safely through the mails, because, if they are stolen, the theft can easily be traced. This prevents dishonest clerks from meddling with this class of letters.

But for a sum not larger than five dollars, money orders, wherever they can be conveniently procured, seem to be generally preferable to a bank check or registered letter, because the fee charged for it is smaller than that for either of the latter.

In a few cases of late, subscribers have taken the risk of sending money to us in an ordinary letter, and it has never reached us. We would, therefore, earnestly request all subscribers to be particularly always to send money by money order, draft or registered letter. When money is sent in neither of these ways, we cannot hold ourselves responsible for the loss of the same.

—One night during the blockade Dean Tubbs walked from his home to Robbins' mill, a distance of about four miles, drawing a bushel of corn on a hand sled. Leaving his grief he came up town for groceries, returned for his meal and started for home on foot with his load about nine o'clock in the evening. Plucky.

## Boerish!

We are willing to make the correction for the sake of facts. Mr. Greene, of the Belleville Institution, married a hearing and speaking lady, not a deaf-mute girl as published in a former issue. We don't know whether she ever studied a full course of academical studies. It is possible for all the graduates of the Deaf-Mute College to marry Dutch girls or those of a low class. The *Silent World* has not yet refuted our argument. The graduates ought to marry none but highly educated hearing and speaking ladies, but we still doubt if they can.—*Deaf-Mute Advocate*.

And we doubt if the man who wrote the above knows the distinction between a gentleman and a boor. His ignorance may be bliss, but it is by no means an excuse, and he ought to be ashamed of himself for such insinuations.

Things have come to a pretty pass, when a graduate of the National Deaf-Mute College cannot marry one of his hearing and speaking lady-friends without having his wife pounced on by the *Advocate* as one of "a low class." These graduates possess, what the writer in the *Advocate* does not, cultivated minds, fine addresses, and gentlemanly instincts, and it is as possible for them to marry "highly educated hearing and speaking ladies," as it is for the proudest in the land. But it is hardly possible, apparently, for the *Advocate* to cease insulting them when they do.

Mr. S. T. Greene, of Belleville, is a gentleman and has the feelings of a gentleman; Mrs. Greene is lady with all the graces of a lady, and between Belleville and Jacksonville there lie several score of good miles.

If that writer in the *Advocate* is wise, he will keep this distance as uniform as possible.

## Liberal Bequest to the Philadelphia Institution.

The will of the late Henry J. Stout, of Philadelphia, was admitted to probate on Feb. 11th. It contains bequests to various charitable establishments, to the amount of nearly \$75,000. The Pennsylvania Institution for the Deaf and Dumb receives \$3,000. H. W. S.

## Philadelphia and Pittsburg.

Legislative Appropriation Asked for the New Buildings at Philadelphia.

The Pennsylvania State Board of Public Charities, in its report presented to the Legislature on the 12th of February, recommends an appropriation of \$162,100 to the Deaf-Mute Institution at Philadelphia, \$62,100 of which is for the maintenance of State pupils, and \$100,000 for the enlargement of the buildings.

Great difficulty was felt by the Board in considering the many and pressing applications from the various institutions under its supervision, in view of the decrease in the public revenues and the consequent necessity for strict economy, occurring together with an unusual amount of public suffering to be alleviated, and the constantly increasing claims for educational purposes. Its recommendations are in favor of only fifteen establishments; and the largest sum—nearly one-fifth of the total, indeed—is awarded to the Institution for the Deaf and Dumb.

That so large a grant as \$100,000 should be recommended for buildings, under these circumstances, shows how deeply is felt the necessity of providing more adequate accommodations for the education of the deaf. Only a portion of those applying each year have been admitted into the Institution at Philadelphia, for several years past. The directors themselves have had the subject under serious consideration for a long time. A year ago it was intended to remove the institution out of the city. But on further consideration it has been decided to keep it where it is, and enlarge the buildings.

In return for the State aid towards this purpose, the directors offer to pledge themselves to charge State pupils only the actual cost of support and instruction, leaving out interest on the cost of the grounds and buildings; and also whenever there are more applications for admission than can be received, to give the preference to State pupils.

In this connection a few statistics from the Report for 1873—the last yet published—of the State Board of Public Charities, will be found interesting—

There were on Sept. 30th, 1873, 228 pupils in the institution, of whom 191 were supported by the State of Pennsylvania, 15 by New Jersey, and 8 by Delaware. Of 35 pupils just admitted, (3 being re-admissions,) 27 were supported by Pennsylvania, 3 by New Jersey, and 2 by Delaware. But there were no less than 29 applicants waiting for admission, all of them from Pennsylvania.

It appears, therefore, that though the removal of the New Jersey pupils to the new institution in that State would afford some relief the first year, things would return to very much the same condition afterwards, unless greater accommodations were provided. This could be done, if it were desired only to use existing corporations, either by enlarging the Philadelphia Institution, or by placing the school at Pittsburg in a condition to become something more than a day school for the children of the immediate neighborhood.

The directors of the Philadelphia school, while cordially seconding the claims of Pittsburg, seem disposed also to press for the enlargement of their own establishment—and at a time when the money for both cannot be spared at once.

It probably is true that facilities for the same number can be provided sooner and actually at less expense for buildings, than by building up an entirely new one. We do not wonder such a course is thought best, especially in the present financial situation, and when the Philadelphia school may still be considered small in comparison with several others. But we hope the process of enlargement will not be carried so far as to destroy the comfort and the home-feeling, which are so evident to a visitor on passing through the present establishment. And while we regret that there is no prospect for the placing of the Pittsburg school on a more secure foundation, and enabling it to exert wider usefulness, at present, (unless indeed the Legislature should be impressed with its needs,) still we are not certain but that it is as well it should continue in its present sphere, where it is perhaps more truly beneficial for being so small and unpretending.

We have enough and more than enough of "great institutions," but too few schools which children may attend without leaving home for ten months in the year, and herding together in an artificial society. H. W. S.

## A Tin Wedding.

Mr. Thomas Brown, of West Henninger, New Hampshire, Ex-President of the Cleric Memorial Union, and an incumbent of several high offices among the deaf-mute associations of New England, celebrated his tin wedding on the 22d ultimo. About sixty of his friends, the great majority hearing and speaking persons, assembled in the evening and gave him a pleasant surprise and a substantial testimonial of their high regard. A friend has kindly sent us the present address and Mr. Brown's reply, and we give both in full:

### THE ADDRESS.

To MR. AND MRS. BROWN.—The members of the Re-union Association and other friends have come to your house to-night to congratulate you on reaching the tenth anniversary of your wedding. They rejoice with you that you have both been blessed during these years with so comfortable a degree of health, and that this anniversary finds you buoyant in spirits and gladdened with good cheer.

We rejoice at the evidence that you have been enabled to be help-meets, each to the other during your wedded life, and that that life has been crowned with so much of the blessing of God.

While you have in some sense been "silent partners," and your home a quiet home, yet we are glad to feel that it has been a joyful home, free from the disturbance of discordant sounds, lighted up with smiling faces, expression of the happy hearts dwelling under its roof.

While sign language has been the only medium of communication between you, we rejoice that that language, through the unwearied labors, study and painstaking of the venerated Gallaudet and his co-laborers, L. Clerc and others, has become so beautiful and complete in its expression of thought and feeling, so that the richest enjoyment is experienced by those who are mutes in their conversations, one with another upon any and every topic that effects the happiness of our race. Especially beautiful and impressive is it in its expression of religious thought and feeling, and in religious devotion.

We rejoice at the estimation by which you, Mr. Brown, are held among your friends, the Association of Deaf-Mutes, and that by them you have been honored with the Presidency of their Association, and that you have been permitted to contribute so much by your pen to the happiness of others.

We rejoice at all the interest you have shown in the past, in the education of Deaf-Mutes, and the honor and devotion you have manifested toward the memory of your honored instructors.

With many wishes for your future happiness and continued usefulness, your friends desire that you and your companion accept these testimonials they have brought to you. May many years of bliss be added to you both in your union of hearts, and purpose, and life here on earth, and an abundant entrance be administered to you into the everlasting kingdom of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ.

Yours in behalf of friends,  
G. H. MORRIS.  
Henninger, January 22, 1875.

### THE REPLY.

TO THE MEMBERS OF THE RE-UNION ASSOCIATION AND FRIENDS.—We are happy to welcome you here to celebrate the tenth anniversary of our wedding.

With a late dear companion I was happy to live thirty years, and she has gone before me. I trust, to an eternal blessed rest. Her memory is sacred to me, but thank God another companion, a hearing one, has been kindly provided, and it is my earnest hope we may live the remainder of our wedded years under the divine smile and guidance.

It may be appropriate upon this occasion for me to give you a few reminiscences. I am seventy-one years old next February 25th, and the companions of my youth are falling off, and I have only a cousin living in town, Josiah Morse, Esq.; may he live many happy years with his blooming companion.

I must not forget the mention the names of two very aged gentlemen, Isaac and Jacob Rice, who were the first to help my going to school in Hartford fifty-three years since, when I was in my eighteenth year. I remember them with gratitude. May their happiness and health continue long.

I have been on this farm and among some of you ever since I left school, and have seen great changes at home as well as abroad. At one time there were no societies and conventions of mutes for mutual improvement. In the year 1850, I had the pleasure of taking part in the presentation of silver service to Gallaudet and Clerc. This occasion, happy as it was, gave birth to the New England Gallaudet Association, and I was its first president, and continued in this capacity some ten years. Now, there are several similar associations over the country productive of unspeakable benefit to the mute community by holding occasional conventions and encouraging the holding of religious services. I must say I love to do what is in my power for my fellow creatures, and am yet ready in my old age, to render voluntary service in their behalf.

Thank God I have been permitted to do something toward the erection of the monuments to Gallaudet, (1854), and Clerc, (1874), in front of the Hartford Institution, where I was educated under those honored and lamented teachers.

I lost a girl who could hear and would, if living, be 38 years old, and I was blessed with a boy, now grown up. When 12½ years old he was sent to school in Hartford, where he remained six years, and afterwards was invited to become a teacher in the Michigan Institution. He has been there fifteen years, filling a desirable situation. He is occasionally invited to preach and lecture to deaf-mutes in neighboring places. I rejoice at the evidence that my only son is making himself useful; I think, following his father's example.

My friends, we gratefully reciprocate your desire for our future happiness and continued usefulness. I always hold the Bible as my guide and would be glad to attend religious services in sign language near home, but as it is, I feel contented at home Sundays reading and writing.

My companion joins me in accepting these handsome testimonials you have brought here, with many thanks.

May our wishes be realized for your happiness temporal and spiritual.

THOMAS BROWN.

## Deaf-Mutes' Library Association.

The annual meeting of the Boston Deaf-mutes' Library Association was held at the Library Hall, No. 289 Washington street, yesterday. The annual reports of the various officers were presented, showing the condition of the association, the work accomplished and the expectations for the future. The choice of officers resulted as follows: President, Edwin N. Bowes; vice-president, Wm. Bailey; treasurer, W. H. Krause; directors, W. P. Wade, E. N. Bowes, L. P. Marsh, Adam Acheson, E. J. Welch; clerk, John G. David; auditor, Wm. Bailey; finance committee, A. Acheson, Geo. Kent and W. P. Wade. The association is in a good condition and aims to provide pleasant accommodations, together with a good library, reading room, lectures, addresses, &c.—*Boston Herald*, Feb. 4.

I will add that Mr. J. G. David (hearing) was appointed private secretary to the President.

The principal office of the Deaf Mute Library Corporation is at Room 24, 28 School St., Boston, where all communications should be addressed or P. O. Box 1307, Boston, Mass.

Also Mr. L. P. Marsh has been chosen superintendent and librarian instead of Mr. E. N. Bowes, who resigned on account of his ill health, and Mr. Wm. B. Swett is with him.

Everything is progressing smoothly, and can stand though tried by fire.

E. N. B.

## Investigating the Wisconsin Institution Affairs.

The Delavan *Republican* of Jan. 28th has the following:

The State Board of Charities is now making a thorough investigation into the affairs of the Deaf and Dumb Institution. The Board has been at the institution since Tuesday last. The following members of the Board are present: Hon. H. H. Giles, President, Madison; Col. Parkinson, Sec'y, Madison; Hon. A. E. Elmore, Green Bay; Dr. E. E. Chapin, Columbus; Mrs. Wm. Pitt Lynde, Milwaukee. Dr. Reed is absent.

The following named Trustees are also present: Col. Blood, Appleton; Dr. A. L. Chapin, Beloit; Hon. Hollis Latham, Elkhorn; Hon. J. E. Thomas, Sheboygan; Hon. James Aram, Delavan. The pupils and all members of the Institute are being thoroughly examined under oath. The testimony is taken before Hon. A. S. Spooner, Court Commissioner. Prof. L. Eddy acts as interpreter for the deaf-mutes at this investigation. We presume the examination will be thorough, and will go to the bottom. This is what is demanded by all.

## A Narrow Escape From Drowning.

Yesterday afternoon a boy, named James Bramhall, who lives in Cohoes, while dipping up a pail of water from the ditch in Courtlandt street, slipped and fell in. He succeeded in swimming to the side of the ditch, but could not hold on to the ice, and was rapidly borne by the swift current towards the arch under which he would have been carried had it not been for the prompt and quick action of Joseph Getting, a deaf-mute, who resides in Waterford, and happened to be passing at the time. He ran to the side of the ditch and with an arm round a post succeeded in getting hold of the boy with the other, when he was within four feet of the arch. E. J. G.  
Cohoes, Feb. 16, 1875.

## Boards of Excise.

We have been requested to publish an article from the Northern Christian Advocate, entitled The Coming Boards of Excise. As it came too late to be given in full, we think the following extract will serve to show its spirit and object: "I want to ask such persons, [members of churches in the habit of exhortation and prayer] for decency's sake, to stop voting for the liquor traffic, or else stop your hypocritical prayers, for they are nothing less than hypocrisy, nothing else. Such persons very well know that the rum traffic is the most powerful and efficient instrumentality which Satan has or can employ in his work of ruin in the world. I beg that they will not insult our blessed Lord by any pretense of love to him, while they vote on the side of Satan."

—One day last week Mrs. Sally Peck walked a mile and a quarter to attend meeting. She is seventy-five years old.

## Minor Topics.

An extra session of the United States Senate is called for March 5th, for the transaction of general business.

It is said that not a single graduate of the Kansas Agricultural College has become a farmer since 1867.

The centennial buildings in Philadelphia will cover twenty acres, and to lessen the fatigue of a thorough visit, an elevated railway is projected.

The gross earnings of the Union Pacific Railroad Company for December, 1874, were \$897,150.13; December, 1873, \$758,832.29. Year ending December 31, 1874, \$10,559,880.15; do. 1873, \$10,266,103.66.

Mrs. Williams, relict of Stephen A. Douglas, has written a letter approving the plan of removing his remains to the university grounds and paying for a monument out of the funds derived from the sale of the present Douglas park.

The postal authorities in New York city say that the total amount of valentines that passed through the mails this year barely reaches 40,000. In former years the number has been as high as 100,000 and over.

Elder Joseph Smith, a son of the original Mormon, is lecturing in Illinois. Although a Mormon, he is not a polygamist, and declares that that institution is a desecration of the sacred doctrines taught in the "true book."

The Illinois Supreme Court has decided that the practice known as chicanery, a legal practice of taking a case and dividing the profits with the client, is illegal, and is punishable by a fine and imprisonment.

Batler county, Mo., has the most eccentric genius on record. He is now sixty-five years of age. At the age of twenty-one he commenced to count two billions. He has counted almost incessantly ever since, and [his task is still incomplete. He says he wants to count that number and die happy.

The report of the Bureau of Agriculture for 1874 states that the wheat crop in this country last year reached 300,000,000 bushels, which is the largest amount ever harvested in any one year. The yield of corn was 854,000,000 bushels. This is a falling off from that of the preceding season of about 80,000,000 bushels.

A clever repeating machine, exhibited at the Vienna Exhibition, by means of which a single operator can produce by the mere pressure of fingers eighteen or twenty copies of any subject dictated by a second person, is the invention of a clergyman at Copenhagen, and was originally intended for the use of the blind.

There is a man in Paris condemned to die, whose execution promises to be postponed indefinitely, through the inability of the authorities to ascertain his name. He was tried and sentenced under a name since discovered to be false, and, under the technicality of the French law, his execution must be stayed until the real name is found.

Two Japanese have been in the oil regions of Pennsylvania for some time past, studying the oil business in its various branches with a view to manufacturing oil in Japan. They now return to their native country with boilers, engines, and all necessary equipments for boring oil wells. They also take out practical workmen to assist them in testing the production of oil by sinking wells in the rock.

## PARISH.

We have had no mail since last Wednesday. The elements have been too much for Uncle Sam. As the result ignorance has increased among us. The postman is a great benefactor to society. Joseph La Croix and James Phalen have purchased Hosea Picken's blacksmith shop. They are going to carry on the business of blacksmithing. Snow is very uneven on the ground. In some places the ground is nearly bare, while in other places snow is from five to ten feet deep.

Our citizens are discussing the license commissioner question preparatory to town meeting. We learn that the school house at Mallory was burned last week. The Sunday News comes to this place, but it is not allowed to pollute the Post-office. Good for Charlie.

ODD.

Parish, Feb. 15, 1875.

—Mr. Thomas Brown is in Maine taking orders for awnings. Recently, a man threatened to have him indicted for selling such cool articles where the mercury was at 24° below zero.

—A thaw.

## Town of New Haven.

MR. EDITOR:—In my former communications I made a few mistakes, which I will try to correct, before going any farther. The first was in reference to a cheese factory at Daggett's. There is no factory there, it having been turned into a cider mill, but instead there is one at Richard Jerritt's and another near the north-east part of the town, run by the Stevens boys. An error appears in reference to the Hollow being east of the village, when it should be west. The grist mill at this place was the second in town; the first being at Cheever's, in 1809, although a very small one. Another mistake was in saying there was a saw mill on Butterly, which is not the case. Mr. Boynton settled on the Thomas Doud place instead of Albert, and kept a public house at an early day. Nathaniel Marvin settled on the Tanner farm, the F being a mistake of the printer.

I will now begin with the first town meeting, which was held at the house of Ansel Snow, (near where the store of Rowe & Snow now stands,) April 19, 1814. There were 66 votes cast, and the following named persons elected: Supervisor, David Easton; Clerk, Jonathan Wing; Assessors, David Easton, William Taylor and Nathaniel Marvin; Overseers of the Poor, Joseph Bailey and Daniel Hall; Commissioners of Highways, Joseph Bailey, Jr., Joseph Boynton and Anson Drake; School Commissioners, Jonathan Wing, Joseph Bailey and Nathaniel Marvin; Collector, George C. Bailey; Constables, George C. Bailey and Crandall Kenyon; Fence Viewers, Nathaniel Marvin and Daniel Hall; Pound Masters, Almon Lindsley and Eleazer Snow; Inspectors of Schools, David Easton, Eliphalet Colt and Anson Drake; Path Masters, Chauncey Drake, Elias May, Jesse Smith, Robert Jerritt, William Taylor, Henry Hawley, Eliphalet Colt, Lyman Hatch, Philip Delano, Crandall Kenyon, Daniel Hatch and John Wolcott, 12 in all.

New Haven has had only 12 supervisors, which is a less number than any other town in the county.

The following are the honored men, and the time of service: David Easton, 1814, '15, '16, '21, '22, '23; Orris Hart, 1817, '18, '19, '20, '31; Seth Severance, 1824, '25, '26, '27, '28, '29, '32, '33, '34, '35, '36, '37, '38, '41, '42, '46, '51; William Bullen, 1830; Norman Rowe, 1839, '40, '47, '58; Hosea Cornish, 1843, '44, '45; Lorenzo W. Tanner, 1848, '50, '57, '59; Charles Nichols, 1849; Abram W. Hewett, 1852; John C. Gillespie, 1853, '54; Avery W. Severance, 1855, '56, '60, '61, '62, '63, '64, '65, '66, '67, '68, '69, '70, '71; Henry J. Daggett, 1872, '73, '74.

Town Clerks—Jonathan Wing, 1814, '15, '16; William Taylor, 1817, '18; Hezekiah Nichols, 1819, '20, '21, '22, '23, '24; Isaac Whipple, 1825, '26, '27, '28, '29; Levi Rowe, 1830, '31; Chester R. Wells, 1832, '48, '49, '53; Stephen Luce, 1833; John G. Ayer, 1834, '35; Samuel G. Merriam, 1836, '37; George S. Thrall, 1838, '39, '40, '41, '42, '45, '46, '47; Edmund E. Wells, 1843, '44; Robert S. Kelsey, 1850, '51, '57, '58; Solomon White, Jr., 1852; Wm. H. Merriam, 1854, '55, '56; Ralph A. Eason, 1859; Norman Rowe, 1860, '61, '66, '67, '68, '69, '70, '71, '72, '73, '74; Charles M. Adams, 1862, '63, '64, '65; 17 in all.

After the war of 1812, as a natural consequence, the population increased faster, a large proportion of the settlers from first to last being from Oneida county. In 1815-16 we find as newcomers, Hezekiah Nichols, Orris Hart, Luman Cummings and Stephen F. Kinne. Mr. Nichols was from Oneida county, settled just west of the village, and was the father of Samuel Nichols, of Pleasant Point, and Henry E. of Fulton. Orris Hart came from Paris, Oneida Co., and located where Augustus Rowe now lives. He kept a store at the village from 1816 to 1833. He was a very prominent man during that time and will be noticed again officially.

Luman Cummings was from Newport, N. Y., and settled at Gridley's Mills in the fall of 1816, where he remained until the spring of 1818, when he located where he now resides. Since his residence there he has built no less than three saw mills. I mentioned in a former article that a saw mill had just been built by Oliver Burdick, which makes four on the present site.

Mr. Kinne was a physician, settled at the village and was the first in town, I think. In Feb., 1817, Norman Rowe, Esq., came into town from Paris, Oneida Co., and located first just north of Gridley's Mills and afterwards at the village.

Almost everybody knows Esquire Rowe the veteran J. P., who has probably seen more years of official service than any other man in the county. He is now hale and hearty at the age of 80, and bids fair to serve the public many years more. He is a very prominent man in church, as well as state, and will be more particularly mentioned hereafter.

Abiah Millard settled near Butterly, about the same time, 1817, and was the father of Carmi, of "Mullen Hill." Theodore Gridley came to town in 1819, from Paris, Oneida county, and settled at Daggett's Mills. The place was formerly called Gridley's Mills, and so known until recently. Mr. Gridley was a justice for many years, prominent man and the father of C. L. Gridley, Esq., a present resident.

Orin Wilmarth came also in 1819, and settled just west of John Sears. He afterwards located just west of the "Hollow" and became a wealthy farmer. He was well-known, and the father of Silas O. Wilmarth.

Deacon Samuel Allen came from Oneida county and settled at the present Wilmarth Place at the village, where he lived many years, or until death called him away. He held the office of Deacon of the Congregation Church for a long time, and was much esteemed. He was the father of Mrs. Penfield who lives at the village.

F. W. SQUIRES.

## COLOSSE.



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